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Bloomfield's Local Paper.

1875.

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The Bloomfield Record.

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BLOOMFIELD, N. J. FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1875.

Whole No. 117.

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From the Hearth and Home.

Ex-Empress Eugenie.

BY WILLIAM M. F. ROUND.

We read the history of the first French revolution or the First Empire as if it was a romance, and wonder at the strange vicissitudes that overtook the actors in those changeable times; but French history has not a more romantic page than that recording the events that have befallen the beautiful Eugenie de Montijo, through her days of glory and her days of sorrow. Sought at an early age and from a comparatively poor family to adorn a court-loved by an Emperor, once a Regent of France, now a widow and an exile, living on her memories of the past and her hopes for the future.

Fifteen years ago the Empress Eugenie was considered one of the most beautiful women in Europe. In the brilliant court of the Tuileries there was no lady who, aside from her exalted position, attracted more attention. In person the Empress was tall without being conspicuous, as graceful as ever woman was made, and as gracious in her manner as she was beautiful. Her face was rather too long for a perfect oval; her neck and shoulders were as well turned as ever sculptor made; her hair was abundant and of a rich golden brown—like the inside shell of a newly opened chestnut; her eyes of that grayish brown that look almost black by night; her mouth delicate and well formed, and her smile indescribably winning. That was the Empress as she appeared in those palmy days of the Empire, when she was the pride of all the French, to whose interests she had consecrated her life and to whose throne she had given an heir.

Vastly different she appeared in the summer of 1873, when I again saw her in Baden-Baden, whither she had come to drink the healing waters of the place. There was still a great degree of beauty in her face, but it was of a different kind. It was the beauty, the ineffable sweetness which sorrow leaves written on the face when sorrow is accepted as from God. Every day we saw the same little group walking in the park. A woman in widow's weeds who walked with a stick; a stout, middle-aged man who paid deference to whom even the peasants and gardeners lifted their hats, and before whom courtly old beams bowed to the ground as they stood uncovered for her to pass. In an almost informal audience granted to our party afterwards there was an opportunity to study the ex-Empress more closely. She was gracious, graceful, affable as of old, but through all one could see a shade of sadness. She had an air of a disappointed woman, but not one deprived of hope. Of the young Prince and of the dead Emperor she spoke frequently and with great tenderness. "There is only my son and France to live for now," she said, "and their interests are one." She spoke of the young Prince's devotion to herself, and every accent showed how proud and hopeful she was for him. Of course French politics was a subject that could not be broached except in the most general way, but it was quite wonderful to see how much faith the Empress had in the good-will and good sense of French people, when left to themselves and not deceived by demagogic leaders. Of America, the greatest enthusiast could not have spoken more pleasantly. The Emperor's fondness for Americans and the kind-hospitality that he received while living with us was a theme of which the Empress never seemed to tire. Her earnestness forbade us to believe that it was only politeness that made her speak so.

On the 16th of March of last year I was at Chiselhurst. The Prince Imperial celebrated his majority, and thousands of loyal Frenchmen came to pay their respects to the Empress they had loved, the Prince they hoped for, and to visit the tomb of the Emperor they had loved. The broad grounds were crowded. Every department of France sent delegations. Then I saw the empress for the third time. Chiselhurst, the beautiful, quiet little Kentish town, had never known such an event. Each train from London brought down crowds, and of all classes, from the prince to the peasant. Even the women of the Parisian markets sent their representatives; and *les dames des Halles* were represented by the oldest of their number, who came in her plaid shawl and quaint head-dress to salute the same young Prince whom she was the first to kiss after his baptism. It was a scene not to be forgotten. The whole route from Camden House to the little chapel was lined with Imperialists. The Emperor's tomb with violets and immortelles. The grounds of Camden House were filled with those who loved Napoleon III, and came to pay their respects to Napoleon IV. Very handsome and very noble the young Prince looked that day. On his breast he wore the Grand Star of the Legion of Honor, and his heart was covered with his cordon. As he entered the pavilion a shout of welcome went up from the assembly of five thousand. "Vive Napoleon IV." "Vive l'Impatrice!" A bas Gambetta! A bas la Re-

publique!" were cries that were heard in every part. Who was that pale-faced woman, all in black, but looking proud and happy under a widow's cap, whom the young Prince led forward to the front of the dais? The same Eugenie de Montijo who was once Empress of the French. It was all the old grace of the Tuileries in her acknowledgment of the plaudits. Her youth had come again, and there was a flush of color in her pale cheeks. The representatives of *les Halles* came forward and saluted the Prince, and the Empress put forth her hand to the market women—their sympathies were one. Then came the speech of the Prince in a clear manly voice, audible in every part of the immense tent: "When the people are ready to call me I am ready to go." That was the sum of it. When this was answered by the crowd with their emphatic "a Paris! a Paris!" the Prince turned again to his mother, led her forward, and then the revolutionary cry for the restoration of the Empire changed to a loyal tribute to her grace and beauty and goodness; and once more she heard the voices of five thousand crying, "Vive l'Impatrice!" Nor is the beautiful Empress forgotten or less beloved than of yore among her old subjects. When her *fete* day came, some time in the last November, the Imperialist Church of St. Augustin was crowded to its fullest, and never was a heartier amen said than when the prayer went up for the exiled Eugenie.

In Chiselhurst the ex-Empress is looking upon not with strange awe, but with love and tenderness. She has been a saint to the poor of the neighborhood. She has never known a case of want without an attempt to relieve it. She is the friend of the Queen of England, and the people recognize and sanction the friendship. As I was on my way to the station after that exciting day I met a laborer whose family had been taken under the care of the Empress because he was poor and unfortunate, had had sickness and death in his house. "Ah," said he, "there is no better woman living. God bless her—God bless her! she has come to us like an angel."

The ex-Empress speaks English perfectly, and to her neighbors she has been a loyal English people have learned a phrase of French, and when they shout "God save the Queen!" supplement it with another cry, quite new to English lips, and raise their voices in a hearty "Vive l'Impatrice!"

The Owl.

When you come to see an owl close it has off its big eyes, and when you come to feel it with your fingers, which it bites, you find it is mostly feathers, with only just meat enough to hold 'em together.

Once there was a man that he would like a owl for a pet, so he tole a bird man to send him the best one in the shop, but when it was brot he lookt at it and squeezed it, and it diddnt auto. So the man he roto to the bird man and said He keep the owl you sent, tho it auto like I wanted, but wen it is wore out you mus make me another, with little eyes, for I spose these eyes is number twelve, but I want number sixes, and then if I pay you the same price you can aford to put in more owl.

Owls has got to have big eyes cos they has to be out a good deal at nite a doin bnisus with rats and mice, wich keeps late ours. They is said to be very wise, but my sister's young man he says any bddy could be wise if they wud set up nites to take notice.

That fellor comes to our house jes like he use to, only more, and wen I ast him why he come so much he said he was a man of science, like me, and was a studin ornithology, wich was birds. I ast him wot birds he was a studin, and he said anjils, and wen he said that my sister she lookt out the window and said wot a fine day it had turned out to be. But it was a rainin cats and dogs wen she said it.

I never see such a goose in my life as that girl, but Uncle Ned, wich has ben in orl parts of the worl, he says they is jes that way in Patagony.

In the picter alphabets the O is some a owl, and sometimes it is a ox, but if I made the picter Ide I have it stan for an oggur to boro holes with.

I tole that to ole Gaffer Peters once when he was to our house lookin at my new book, and he said you is right, Johnny, and here is this H stans for harp, but hoo cooes for a harp, why dont they make it stan for a horgan? He is sech a ole fool—Johnny's Composition.

A SHORT SERMON.—An eminent clergyman in Trenton, N. J., sat in his study, some time since, busily engaged in preparing his Sunday sermon, when his little boy toddled into the room, and holding up his pinched finger, said with an expression of suffering, "Look pop; how I hurt it." The father, interrupted in the middle of a sentence, glanced hastily at him, and with just the slightest tone of impatience said, "I can't help it, sonny." The little fellow's eyes grew bigger, and as he turned to go out, he said in a low voice, "Yes you could; you might have said 'Oh.' There was a sermon in miniature."

Maxims Worth Knowing.

Administrators are liable to account for interest of funds in their hands, although no profit should have been made upon them, unless the exigencies of the estate rendered it prudent that they should hold the funds uninvested.

When a house is rendered untenable in consequence of improvements made on the adjoining lot, the owner of such cannot recover damages, because he had knowledge of the approaching danger in time to protect himself from it.

A person who has been led to sell goods by means of false pretense cannot recover them from one who has purchased them in good faith from the fraudulent vender.

Permanent erections and fixtures made by a mortgagor after the execution of the mortgage upon land conveyed by it, become a part of the mortgaged premises.

A seller of goods, chattels or other property commits no fraud in law when he neglects to tell the purchaser of any flaws, defects or unsoundness in the same.

An agreement by the holder of a note to give the principal debtor time for payment, without depriving him of the right to serve, does not discharge the surety.

The opinion of witnesses as to the value of a dog that has been killed is not admissible in evidence. The value of the dog is to be decided by the jury.

Money paid for the purpose of settling or compounding a prosecution for a supposed felony cannot be recovered back by the party paying it.

A day-book copied from a "blotter" in which original charges are first made will not be received in evidence as a book of original entries.

A stamp impressed upon an instrument by way of a seal is as good as a seal, if it creates a durable impression in the texture of the paper.

If any person put a fence on or plows the land of another, he is liable to trespass, whether the owner has sustained injury or not.

A private person may obtain an injunction.

If a person who is unable from illness to sign his will has his hand guided in making his mark his signature is valid.

Ministers of the Gospel, residing in any incorporated town, are not exempt from jury, military or fire services.

A wife cannot be convicted of receiving stolen goods when she received them from her husband.

An agent is liable to his principals for loss caused by his misstatements, though unintentional.

All cattle found at large upon the public road can be driven by any person to the public pound.

No man is under obligation to make known his circumstances when he is buying goods.

The fruit and grass on the farm or garden of an intestate descend to the heir.

Money paid on Sunday, contracts may be recovered.

Fashion Notes.

—There is a strong disposition to perpetuate the embroidery mania.

—Buddah cloth is one of the new spring fabrics for street dresses, and promises to be very fashionable.

—We may look for a revival of the fashion of colored hose. It was too attractive to be discarded without a fair trial.

—Suits of velvet and silk combined will be the caprice this summer, and some of those lately imported are very handsome.

—There is no change in the style of wearing the hair. Less false hair is worn now than for many years past.

—The most conspicuous thing about the new bonnets is the brim, and that is large enough to make a duplicate bonnet.

—New necklaces are of small gold beads strung on a fine gold chain. They are intended to go twice around the breast. These necklaces were fashionable about thirty years ago.

—Sunshades are small and are covered with lace or beads, the latter having a deep fringe of beads which sparkle finely in the sunlight. The large "circus tent" sunshade will not come in until June.

—Veils have been constructed with nose pockets to allow the veils to be pinned back closely and yet set well on the face. In giving orders for the article length of nose is to be stated.

—The coming hat for the girls of the period is very pretty, jaunty and stylish. The crown is high and the brim turns up sharply on both sides, and is worn low of the style and shape of the old "porkpie hat," so very fashionable here eight or ten years ago.

Across the Street.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRIDGE.

I do not know it if she knows
I watch her, as she comes and goes:
I wonder if she dreams of it,
Sitting and working at my rhymes,
I weave her sunny hair at times
Into my verse, or gleams of it.

Upon her window-ledge is set
A box of flowering magnolias;
Morning and night she tends to them,
The sensitive flowers, that do not care
To kiss that strand of loosened hair
As prettily she bends to them.

If I could once contrive to get
Into that box of magnolias,
Some morning as she tends to them—
Dear me! I see the sweet blood, rise
And bloom about her cheeks and eyes
And bloom, as she bends to them.

—April Atlantic Monthly.

Old and New New York.

Twenty-four dollars purchased the whole city and county of New York in 1624. In 1638 tobacco was produced to a considerable extent on New York Island. In 1652 the first public school was established; streets first paved in 1676; in 1677 there were twelve streets and 384 houses. In 1711 a slave market was established in Wall street. In 1720 three-pence per foot was given for land on the west side of Broadway near the Battery. The first stage route between New York and Boston was established in 1732; time, from city to city, fourteen days. In 1733 a law was passed to preserve the fish in a fresh water pond (the Kolk) now Center street and the neighborhood. In 1737 a market house was built on Broadway, near Crown, now Liberty street. The city at that time contained 1,416 houses. In 1745 the first coach (Lady Murray's) was driven in New York. When the British evacuated the city on November 25th, 1783, the buildings did not extend beyond Murray street. In 1801 Broadway was ordered to be continued through Thomas Randall's land near Eighth street, to meet the Bowery, and the hills leveled and carted into a fresh water pond, which was then the northern limit of Broadway, and much beyond the settled parts of the city. Previous to this extension of Broadway, the Bowery was the only entrance into the city from the north. The old Potter's Field is now the Washington parade ground.

The population of New York city, according to the last census, is 942,292. It has a transient population of 30,000, which may be classified as follows: 5,000 immigrants, temporarily staying in the city, 5,000 seamen, 10,000 guests at hotels, 10,000 guests at boarding-houses. The number of persons united in marriage during the years is estimated at 20,000, the number of births at 35,000, the number of deaths at 27,000. The money spent every year in public amusements is \$7,000,000. The money spent every year for liquors in saloons and other establishments licensed for the purpose is about \$50,000,000. The money spent every year for the public schools is \$3,000,000.

Singular Marriage.

A Syracuse paper says: "Fifty years ago the first day of the coming month, a very strange scene was enacted on the big hill at the rear of the University campus. Syracuse was then in its larva state. The native forest trees studded the landscape. One bright Sunday morning a young woman and a young man wended their way to that hill before daybreak for a very romantic purpose. They stood facing the east and then fell on their knees. When the sun was fully up they arose, saluted each other with a kiss, and clasping left hands raised their right hands to heaven, and thus wed themselves: 'In the presence of God and the light-giving sun, we pledge to each other our love, our lives, our steadfast fidelity, so long as we shall inhabit the much-nourishing earth.' They saluted each other again with a kiss, and then returned to town and breakfasted at Cook's coffee house. After breakfast they took passage on the canal-boat De Witt Clinton for the western part of the State and were never heard from thereafter. Tradition says that they buried somewhere on this hill a box containing their names, why they preferred such a method of marrying, and whither they intended going. This box was found twenty years afterwards, but the writings were obliterated beyond legibility."

Fashionable Folly.

—The *Tribune* laments the increase of "precocious and forward girls," and would be glad to see our daughters restored to the condition of innocence and modesty which was once supposed to belong to little girls yet in the nursery. But, how is it to be brought about? There is no putting emancipated and cultured Eve back into paradise, and the apples which she ate are nowadays thrust into our babies' mouths before their teeth are grown. In fashionable and would-be fashionable circles the poor little infants are dragged to balls as soon as they are weaned, and converted into hot-pressed little men and women. The books furnished to them, the matinee entertainments provided for them, are all calculated to rouse adult passions and thoughts in them, and force such passions and thoughts into abnormal momentary growth. There is no such thing as a nursery in the majority of American city homes.

The Young Man Who Was "Shook."

(Detroit Free Press.)

"What I want to know," said a white-headed young man of twenty, as he stood before the sergeant in charge of the Central Station yesterday, "what I came here for was to get some advice."

"Proceed," said the sergeant.

"You know Nancy Thompson, don't you?"

"Never heard of her."

"Well, she's a wilder, over forty years old, and I've been boarding there."

"Yes?"

"And we were engaged to be married."

"When?" blamied the officer.

"I don't whistle you," continued the young man in a broken voice. "I'm only twenty and she's forty, but a man can't always tell when he is going to make a fool of himself."

"And you fell in love?"

"I did that, and as soon as we got through talking I'm going out to hire some one to kick me over to Canada and back! Yes, sir, fell dead in love—loved a woman of over forty."

"And what followed?"

"What followed? Why, what allers follows? I'm human, same's anybody else, and when I love, I love like a loco-motive on a down grade. What do you think I did in just six weeks by the watch? Went to the theatre sixteen times, out sleigh-riding twelve times, had three parties, went to three lectures, and took her out to eat oysters ten or eleven times. Fact, sir, cost me darn near \$200."

"But it was all for love," replied the sergeant.

"I thought so; and what else did I do? Bought her a \$40 watch, a \$10 bracelet, a \$5 ring, a \$7 set of jewelry, a new dress, and gave her a \$5 gold-piece with a hole in it! Yes, sir; drew \$500 from the bank—every red I had—and used it all up on her."

"And then?"

"She pertended to love back, and when I squeeze her hand she smiled and smiled and looked heaps of love at me. She'd lean on my arm, talk about Cupid, and git off poetry by the rod, and it was plainly understood that we were to be married in June. Oh, she knew her biz, and she slid around me as the Bengal tiger does around a lamb."

"Did she break the engagement?"

"Last night," said the young man, swallowing the lump in his throat, "she told me she'd been trifling with me all along—said she was engaged to another and she could never be more than a sister to me! I tell you, sergeant, you could have knocked me down with a straw! I up after a while and called her a hypocrite, when she called me a white-headed idiot, and the boarders threw me out."

He blew his nose, wiped his eyes and continued.

"I don't want